The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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The Sleepy Boy.

I KNOW a little boy:
And I have often heard it said,
That he never was so tired
That he wished to go to bed.
Though he scarcely can hold up
His drowsy little head,
Yet this very foolish boy
Can not bear to go to bed.

When the big golden sun
Has lain down to sleep:
When the lambs every one
Are lying by the sheep;
When underneath its wing
Every chick tucks its head—
Still this odd little boy
Does not like to go to bed.

Primroses and daisies
Have shut their bright eyes;
Grasshoppers and crickets
Are singing lu labies;
The fire-flies have lighted
Their lamps bright and yellow;
And I'm sure it's dreaming-time
For this sleepy lit le fe.low.

The houseless little child
Who has no pl ce to sleep;
Who on the ground must lie,
Or in some doorway creep;
O'er whom no clean white sheet,
No blanket soft is spread—
How happy would he be
If he could "go to bed!"

But with a pretty nest
All warm and soft and white,
That's waiting for this boy,
When it's time to say "Good-night!"
With mamma's loving kiss,
And her hand upon his head—
How strange a sleepy boy
Should not like to go to bed.

For the Myrtle.

Celebrating the Fourth of July.

CHAPTER III.

PETER said, eagerly, as soon as the boys were in the house,

"Come, Henry, I cannot wait any longer to know what you have brought. Open the bundles and let me see."

"There is not so very much to see now, but there will be, when the night of the Fourth comes. These are the Rockets in this paper; and these are Wheels, and these are Spirals, and there are plenty of them, so we shall have such fire-works as were never seen in this neighborhood."

"Oh! oh! oh! where did you get them?" said Peter dancing round his brother in the greatest glee, as he asked the question.

"Where did I get them? Why you know very well where I got them. Did n't I go to town this afternoon for the express purpose of getting them?"

"Yes, yes, of course you did. But you know what I mean. How did you get them?"

Why when we were going over to town father asked me if I had ever seen any fireworks. And I told him no. Then he asked if you had never seen any, and I said no.

And then he said, that we had been pretty good boys this summer, and he thought he would indulge us by buying some fire-works for the Fourth.

"Oh I am so delighted," said Peter; and he really jumped up and down with delight.

"Do you know how to make them go off, Henry?"

"No, I don't know; but father does. He will manage them for us"

"Oh, I don't know how to wait till the night of the Fourth comes. How can we wait? I wish we could go to sleep to-night and not wake up until the Fourth."

"Why that is wrong, Peter. You ought not to wish such a thing as that."

"Why not?"

"Because all the days of our life are given for a purpose, and we have no right to wish them away,"

"But we shouldn't miss two days very much if they were gone."

"They will soon be gone, if we keep busy, and don't fret about their going."

"Let's open these papers, and see what the Rockets and Wheels look like."

"No, father said we were not to open them, until the time for using them came."

"Why not?"

"Because he said they were nothing to look at, and we should be likely to get them scattered and lost."

"Oh fie! That's no reason. We shouldn't lose any of them if we were to take a peep."

As Peter said this he took hold of one of the papers, as if he were about to open it.

"Oh don't do that, Peter," said his brother.

"That would be a poor way of repaying father's kindness. Ought we to disobey him when he is trying to do so much for our pleasure?"

"No, I wont open the bundles, I was only joking."

"Well here is something that you will like, and can see without disobedience."

"What is that?"

"A bill," says Henry, holding up his arms as high as he could, and letting a long bill unroll and fall down nearly to his feet.

Peter looked at it with eager eyes.

"What is it? Where did you get it? Is it ours to have and to keep?"

"One question at a time, if you please."

"Well, is it ours?"

"Yes, in one sense it is ours."

"In which of the senses, seeing, hearing, smelling, feeling or tasting?" Peter asked, roguishly.

He had been having a lesson, a few days before, on the five senses, and this had made his wits sharp.

"By both the senses of feeling and seeing the bill may be ours," Henry replied.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"It was given me by a man in town, to put upon some conspicuous place till after the Fourth."

"What did he mean by a conspicuous place?"

"Why, some place where all the passers by could see it."

Peter was too busy reading the bill to give much heed to the answer. It was about a celebration that was to be held in the town, and the description was very interesting to him.

"Do you think we can go?" he said, after he had finished reading.

"Yes; father said he would try and take us over there a little while in the afternoon; long enough to hear the speeches."

"And the music too?" said Peter.

"Yes, and the music too."

"I should like to stay and see the fireworks."

"What! have you forgotten so soon that we are to have fireworks at home?"

"Oh, so we are; I did not think of that. Won't it be glorious! But where will you put the bill?"

"I think I will put it on the fence opposite the house."

"Oh, yes; that will be a good place. Let's go at once and put it there."

Henry was ready for this suggestion, for he was not the boy to delay and dally when he had anything to do.

"How are you going to make it stay there?" said Peter.

"By sticking it on."

"Sticking it with what?"

"I must go to the kitchen and get Bridget to make me some flour paste."

"I don't believe she will make it, for she is cross to-day."

"Well, I can ask her and see."

"I will not go in with you," said Peter. "I don't wish to hear Bridget scold. I will wait here until you come back."

"Very well; I will go alone, I am not afraid to ask her."

Henry was gone but a few minutes when he came back to Peter with a little tin pail in one hand and a piece of cloth in the other.

"Did you get the paste?"

"Not just in the shape that I wanted it, but I think this will answer the purpose. It is not as if we were papering a room in the house, where

the paper was expected to stay on a long time."

"What is the paste? Wouldn't she let you have flour to make it?"

"Yes, she was willing that I should take the flour, but she wouldn't permit me to boil it."

"It won't be good for anything unless it is boiled, will it?"

"Yes; I have known of people using unboiled paste, but it is not as good."

"Well, let's try it."

The boys were not long in pasting the bill on to the fence. Peter held it while Henry put the paste on, and then they put it up against the fence and rubbed it over with a dry cloth, just as they had seen men do when they were papering a room. The bill stuck very well, and they were greatly pleased when they saw what a show it show it made.

"I am afraid there won't be anybody along to read it to-night," said Peter.

"Oh, well, we can wait until morning."

This they were obliged to do, for it was nearly dark now, and no one passed that way before the boys were asleep. The next morning they were awake at day-break, and Peter sprang out of bed as soon as his eyes were open to see how the bill was looking by the morning light. Much dew had fallen during the night, and the bill had come off trom the fence entirely, and was lying in the grass. While the boys were looking at it with much discomfiture, Mr. Maloney, a man going early to to his work, came along and picked up the bill and read it. When he had done reading he laid it carefully on the fence, hanging the top of it over the top of the fence, so that it could be read by passers.

"That's a very good way," said Peter. I think it will stay there, as there is no wind blowing."

Henry thought so too, but they were doomed again to disappointment, for shortly after some cows being driven to pasture passed that way, and one of them walked over to the bill, and giving it a touch with her tongue, she landed it in the meadow on the opposite side of the fence.

"We seem not to have very good luck with our bill; but I will fix it. As soon as mother gets up I will ask her to let me boil some paste, and then the sun will dry it on, and we shall make it stay."

Henry kept his word, and an hour later the bill was fastened to the fence in a way to make it very sure to remain until after the Fourth.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

Little Feet.

AND why do you knit, my childless friend?
And why fly the needles so fleet?
The house is still
As a frozen rill;
There's an empty bed
And a vanished head,
A sobbing prayer
O'er a vacant chair.
Have you found some little feet?

And why do I knit in my lonely home?
And why fly the needles so fast?
No step is there
On my silent stair,
But out on the street,
In the snow and sleet,
All up and down
The busy town,
I have found the little feet.

And this is why I knit in my home,
And why fly the needles so fleet;
My little ones wait
By the golden gate!
Within the fold
They feel no cold;
But, soft and clear,
Christ's voice I hear:
"Go, clothe *my* little ones' feet!"

Child's Paper.

Tom's Gold Dust.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college; and every day they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle—"certainly: that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold dust!" Where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get gold dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold dust of time—specks and particles of time—which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold dust!—*Little American.*

O, WIDOW'S mite! Why hast thou not, in human balances, the immense weight which celestial pity accords thee?

For the Myrtle.

A Parable.

She leaned out into the falling rain,
And heard her window-rose complain:

"All these things against me go—
Why does the hard world treat me so?

I wanted to grow in leafy green,
Just as my neighbors all are seen,

But something stopped the thing I chose,
And fashioned me into this strange, round rose.

I loved all colors but silly pink,
Took them all in, and, what do you think?

The pink turned round like a very thief,
And left its stain upon every leaf!

I threw this odd perfume away,
And it comes the faster every day.

I wanted to lie in the fresh green grass,—
I'm strained up over the window glass.

And just as I learn to lift my head,
Down comes the rain and drowns me dead."

She heard the flower's complaining moan,
And answered back in a tender tone,

"My foolish rose, why, don't you know
Just why the kind world treats you so?

It has denied your low desire,
To make you better, fairer, higher.

Fate gives you such uncommon share
To make you strangely fine and fair.

These green and common leaves drink dew
And sun and air and light, for you.

The rosy hue you so despise,
Your beauty makss, to other eyes.

Your fragrant breath, so vexing found,
Fills all the air with sweetness round.

You have this high and honored place
That all the world may see your face;

And when it droops with sun and light,
God's rain comes down to wash it bright.

Oh don't you see, when all is done,
Your woes are blessings, every one?

Oh don't you know, you foolish rose,
For you the whole great rose-tree grows!"

She shut the sash and turned away,
But to herself was heard to say,

"That rose has listened here too long,
And learned my own most foolish song.

Can it be true that all my woes
Are like the sorrows of the rose?" *H. A. B.*

For the Myrtle.

The Best Vacation.

"I AM to take my vacation next week and the week after," said Mr. Swan, "and I am trying to decide whether to join the fishing excursion down the harbor."

"Well, why don't you?" said Mrs. Swan. "I'm sure it will do you good, and we shall get along very well at home."

"But when is your vaction coming in?" said he.

"O, we have vacation all the time," said Mrs. Swan—"the children and I. What we want is to have *you* have a good time."

But not so thought the children. The little one tottered up to his knee and crowed, "me too, papa, me too!" and the next little girl, rather wiser, who knew they could not go down the harbor in a yacht with a crew of men fishing for cod,—said, anxiously,

"Oh papa, take it at home, and we'll *all* go somewhere every day."

"The wisest thing yet," said Mr. Swan, laughing. "I believe I will stay at home and get acquainted with my family. They are more strangers to me than anybody I shall meet on the excursion, I fear. Yes, we'll all have a good time together for a whole fortnight."

So on Monday morning they began. They went to the beach the whole day. They carried their dinner in a big basket, and bathing suits, and dishes to get sand and shells and sea mosses in. They put the children into their night dresses and let them wade in the waterandplay in the wet sand, and in the afternoon they sat on the rocks facing the swift flowing sea-breeze, and let the wind dry their wet hair. An old fisherman took the two eldest half a mile out to sea in his sailboat, and they saw him fish for rock cod; and he rigged a line for Robbie; and Robbie was so lucky as to haul in the very biggest fish that was

caught. Of him the old skipper made a chowder, and the children made their dinner there. Then they were safely given back to their parents on the rocks.

Meantime Mr. and Mrs. Swan sat in the shade and read and talked and dreamed, recalling other days by the sea, when they were younger than now, and there were no children to bring along.

The next day the baby was tired enough to stay at home, so Mr. Swan took Robbie and Nellie to the Museum of Natural History, where they saw nearly all the wonders of the world; and at twilight they all had a long, pleasant drive.

The next day they went into the woods, where there was a lovely pond and a row-boat. For two days they went to Mr. Swan's father's, riding two hours by rail to get there, and having the freedom of the farm all the time they were there. Grandmother wanted the children to stay longer, but no; they "must help father take his vacation." Saturday was a rainy day, and papa spent it in the nursery, and before night he almost forgot but he was a small boy again. Long-forgotten skill with jack-knife and strings and wires came back, and the children had not only a new store of toys, but, what was better, learned to make toys for themselves.

The next week went much the same way. They went out to an island, where the children climbed up into a lighthouse, and for the first time in their lives saw the great lantern that makes the light. They stayed on the island all night, and saw the sun rise out of the sea the next morning. Every excursion was new and fresh and charming. Mr. Swan said he did not know there were so many nice places to go, and nice things to do, at his very doors.

He concluded, when the fortnight was gone, that he had had the very best vacation in the world. And Mrs. Swan and the children thought so too.

And when news came that the yacht had been struck by the storm of Saturday and wrecked, and some of the party drowned, they all knew that the vaction had proved for him and them the best thing in the world. *H. A. B.*

LET the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God. The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.

When?

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks must bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy keeping
How should I fear?
And, when to-morrow brings thee nearer still,
Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But, if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder,
Held out a scroll
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clue,
What should I do?

What *could* I do, oh, blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this:
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns and flowers, whether the tempest hide Thee,
Or heavens serene,
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's.
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait,
If Thou come late. *Susan Coolidge.*

AMONG the worthiest dogs of the world, or rather of the church, are the Saint Bernard's. They have no frisk of merriment. The shadow of the great ledges is in their eyes, and the memory of travellers lost in Alpine snows is in their hearts.

Our Sunday Schools.

Undoubtedly we have noticed half the celebrations of children's Sunday in the churches of our faith, although we have given up our news column for three weeks almost entirely to this subject. Suffice it to add that Children's Sunday is now celebrated everywhere, and the church that does not observe it is an exception. In five years this custom, beginning in a single church—in Chelsea—has diffused itself through our entire Zion.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Newton Universalist Sunday School held a picnic July 9th at Robert Grove, by the banks of Charles River in Waltham. The day was remarkably fine, and everything passed off pleasantly. The time was occupied in swinging and boating upon the river and gathing water lilies. About six o'clock the party made preparations to return home. They were conveyed to the grounds in the morning in a large express wagon, a few single teams, and some came up the river in boats. About a dozen remained behind to go down the river in boats after the moon had risen, which added a charm to the scene. With one consent the verdict was that we had passed a very enjoyable day, and hoped to renew it on the next anniversary of the Sabbath School.

MAINE

—The Sunday Schools in Turner and North Auburn have adopted the one lesson system.

The following interesting account is from the *Banner*:

—The Sunday School connected with our parish in Rockland celebrated its anniversary with appropriate exercises on Sunday evening, the 22d ult. The exercises included singing by the school, report by the superintendent, an earnest and appropriate address by the pastor, an introductory address in behalf of the school spoken by one of the scholars, and various appropriate spoken pieces and songs by the young ladies and children. The piece entitled "Religion and the Children," published in the *Banner* last week, which was written for the occasion, was effectively presented, and at its close an appropriate and pleasing effect was produced by the raising of a white veiling-curtain in front of the organ, bearing the motto "Fear God," in plain letters, revealing behind it a beautiful motto-tablet, prepared by the ladies, eight feet by three and one-half in size, having a ground-work of evergreen with a rich border of flowers, and bearing the words "God is love,' in floral letters. The piece entitled "Christianity," from the April number of the *Helper*, was also given by thirteen misses dressed in white. In this piece an evergreen arch of ten feet span was used, the keystone bearing the letters "I H S," in monogram of gilt. The letters forming the word "Christianity" were hung upon the arch, each letter being encircled by a floral wreath. Beneath the centre of this arch was placed a beautiful floral cross, composed of twenty separate bouquets, which, near the close of the exercises, wore sent to the teachers of the school by the superintendent with appropriate remarks, as a token of personal appreciation and esteem, and in recognition of their faithful labors in the school. The school is in a prosperous condition, and has made a gain in membership during the year. It now numbers a little more than 150 members. The uniform lesson system is used. The receipts of the school during the year were about $388, including $280 from a course of lectures last winter, and about $55 from the weekly class contributions. Ninety-five copies of the MYRTLE are taken, and a new singing book ("Pure Diamond") has just been introduced. An addition has just been made to the library and a new service book will be introduced if one equal in merit to "The Altar" is issued.

VERMONT.

—We hear a good word from Castleton, Vt., where the Sunday Services and the Sunday School are to resume. Br. J. B. Booth of the Canton School supplies during the vacation.

NEW YORK.

—The Sunday School connected with the Bleecker Street Church enjoyed their annual excursion on the 26th of June going to Alderney Park, New Jersey. The schools connected with the Williamsburg and Greenpoint churches enjoyed *their* annual excursion on the 27th of June going to Meyers' Grove, Staten Island. Both days were delightful and in each case the hours spent in the sail and in the grove were every way charming.

OHIO.

—We fully credit the report that we have a flourishing Sunday School at Clyde, Ohio, inasmuch as it takes a large number of MYRTLES and means to keep on doing so.

KANSAS.

—A Universalist Sunday School has been organized at New Chillicothe, Dickinson Co., with Joseph Wilson as Superintendent.

Children's Sunday.

The following remarks on this observance are from a New York friend to the *Universalist*:

Children's Sunday, it seems, is coming into favor very generally in our churches. The present season shows us a larger demonstration in this direction than we have had hitherto. A good sign this, because the interests of the children are involved in it, and no interest in our churches or homes can be greater. What these churches and homes are to be in the future, what they are to impart to the strength and life of our cause, depends upon the consecration of our children and youth to our church work. How far these annual Sunday demonstrations mean this, it may be well for us to inquire. Is there not danger that they may run too much to roses, lilies and florals generally, and too little to children and the significance of their baptism and dedication? The profusion of floral offerings is becoming, I see, one of the emphatic announcements of the Children's Sunday celebrations. One report this year speaks of "very elaborate floral decorations, surpassing all former attempts in this parish." This is where, perhaps, our mistake may come in. The old saying, "It never rains but it pours," may thus have illustration. A devoted friend of our church just says in a letter before me, "I fear that this Children's Sunday may become a mere form and showy ceremonial, with no deep religious sentiment pervading it." It is of the first importance that our churches look to this. The religious life of our dear children means more than all the floral decorations we can throw around their baptismal rites. The whole occasion needs a baptism of the Holy Spirit.

The Missionary Box.

The time for the opening of the Missionary Boxes, the first of July, is past, and we trust no Sunday School scholar who has a Box will have failed to find out how much there is in it, and to forward the same to the General Convention office. If there is not as much in it as there ought to be, it would not be a bad plan for said scholar, or some of his older friends, to add the ten cent and quarter scrips that happen to be in the family pockets to help out the collection.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXI.—MATTHEW.

Question.—What was Matthew doing when Jesus called him?

Answer.—Matt. ix. 9.

Q.—When Matthew names the apostles, what does he call himself?

A.—Matt. x. 3.

NOTE. A Publican was a man who purchased the taxes of a province, at the lowest rate he could, and made a profit by collecting the full amount of the taxes. There were chief publicans who were able to purchase the tax of a whole province. These sold small portions of the province to men who did the business in a smaller way. Matthew belonged to this latter class. Publicans were particularly odious to the Jews. It seemed to them that the descendants of Abraham should never be in bondage; and these collectors of Roman taxes were a constant testimony to the degredation of the Jewish nation.

Q.—By what name is Matthew called by Mark and Luke?

A.—Mark xi. 14. Luke v. 27-29.

NOTE. Matteew alone makes mention that he was a publican. Mark and Luke omit the mention of his business. But if there was odium attached to his former calling. Matthew was willing to bear it, and took pains to state what his business formerly was.

We can but indulge some regrets that our information respecting Matthew is so meagre. But we can but honor the men of whom he was one, who were willing to do their Master's work, taking no pains to perpetuate their names and their deeds. It is true, not only of Matthew, but of the great company of the apostles, that with a single eye they looked to the glory of their Master and forget themselves in doing the work he gave them to do.

Bible Questions.

What is the end of the commandment? Who said this? To whom did he say it?

Why should not the Israelites not take a gift?

What, is it said, shall never cease out of the land? What should they do?

Who have turned aside unto vain jangling?

Of whom is it said, "He is doting about questions, and strife of words"? What else is said of him?

What, is it said, answereth all things?

Why shall it not be well with the wicked?

Hidden Seed

Enigma. No. 1.

The first letters of these answers combined,
A saying of Christ will bring to the mind.
The last letter of these answers combined,
A declaration of Christ will suggest to the mind.

1. Ezekiel's father.
2. One of the seven churches in Asia
3. One of Joseph's sons.
4. Despised and mocked Nehemiah.
5. Gave birth to the promised heir.
6. Mother of Seth.
7. Goeth about seeking whom he may devour.
8. Father of Jonah.
9. Part of a ship.
10. Father of Methuselah.
11. A kind of fish.
12. A river in China.
13. Is what a fairy is sometimes called.
14. An herb.
15. One whom ravens fed.
16. A garden utensil.
17. An unclean bird.
18. A territory in the United States.
19. Is worn in winter.
20. A river in Europe.
21. A title of Jesus.

Young Pilgrim.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 7, is what Christian people do.
My 5, 10, 6, is a pronoun.
My 12, 4, 8, is what wicked people do.
My 14, 13, 15, 11, is one who performs.
My whole is in a psalm of David.

LIZZIE CUNNINGHAM.

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